

"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

# Suck

PUBLISHED BY  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878

OFFICE No. 21 - 23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



THE ONLY BABY.



## PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,  
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....\$5.00  
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....2.50  
 One Copy, for 13 weeks.....1.25

(ENGLAND AND ALL COUNTRIES IN THE BERNE POSTAL TREATY.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....\$6.00  
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....3.00  
 One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers.....1.50

INCLUDING POSTAGE.

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER  
 BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN  
 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to  
 KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

PUCK is on Sale in London, at HENRY F. GILLIG & CO'S.,  
 AMERICAN EXCHANGE, 440, Strand, Charing Cross, and at  
 THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 11, Boulevard  
 Street, Fleet Street; in Glasgow, at G. F. ALLAN'S, 31, Renfield  
 Street; in Paris, at TERQUEM'S, 15 Boulevard Saint Martin, and  
 on file at the *Herald* Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opera. In Germany  
 at F. A. BROCKHAUS'S, Leipzig, Berlin and Vienna.

The INDEX TO VOL. VI. is published in this num-  
 ber as a supplement.

## THE FIFTH EDITION

OF

## PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1880

is now on sale, and will positively be the last issue of this  
 publication, as PUCK will soon bring out

## A NEW BOOK

for Summer Reading.

## CONTENTS.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.  
 Presidential Suggestions.  
 The Metropolitan Museum of  
 Art.  
 Youth and Age—illus.  
 PUCKERINGS.  
 Why He Did It.  
 Rhymes of the Day.  
 A Temperance Party—illus.  
 ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.  
 Improbabilities—illus.  
 Room for Ireland—illus.  
 FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA—  
 No. 1 XX.  
*In Gemitu Vinum*—poem—Ar-  
 thur Lot.

The Ever-Starving Isle.  
 THE THEATRES.  
 Literary Notes.  
 ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.  
 A Warning to the Small Boy—  
 illus.  
 Mythology Made Easy—W.  
 Mr. Robinson's Treacherous  
 Friend.  
 The Wonderful Dog.—George  
 Walter Kyle.  
 Awfully Important.  
 HERMESIANAX PRATT—  
 illus.  
 PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

SPRING IS HERE, according to the  
 calendar; but Spring's meteorology and  
 the calendar's chronology never did go  
 hand in hand; so that the usual choice assort-  
 ment of weather is poured out on us in indis-  
 criminate confusion, and the intelligent for-  
 eigner who lands on these shores must think  
 that we have got up for his special benefit a sort  
 of Signal Service Bureau parade, with weather  
 samples from all the zones. To-day he basks in  
 tropical balm; and to-morrow he is forcibly re-  
 minded of the uncertainty of mortal existence  
 by being carried off by pneumonia. But there  
 is a positive gain with each day of fine weather.  
 It is brighter, fresher, more confident than the  
 last. Spring puts on absurd little summer-like  
 airs; worries our winter-worn bodies with breaths  
 of abnormal heat and glimpses of precocious  
 sunshine; and then pouts in a cloud and weeps  
 in a shower. But she has come to stay; and  
 every sunny morning brings out myriads of  
 queer people who have hibernated in sick-  
 rooms and garrets, and who now dot the streets  
 and the parks much as flies emerge from the  
 cracks in the wainscoting when the voice of the  
 turtle is heard in the land and the strawberry  
 short-cake buds out in the restaurant window.  
 It is, indeed, a beautiful season. How sad that  
 it should be marred by the direful awakening  
 of the spirit of song within the human breast!  
 April is deadly sure to bring the poet out, if a  
 man has any poet in him. And our own sad  
 experience leads us to believe that the poetical  
 faculty is latent in every man; like the capacity  
 for heroism that the novelists tell us of—or like  
 the measles.

It has occurred to us, just at this moment,  
 that the oyster's Easter is in May. This has no  
 direct connection with the subject; but we  
 were thinking of last week, and the Easter  
 party given by Mr. John W. Hamersly, which  
 an anonymous correspondent requests us to  
 ridicule. We positively decline to do anything  
 of the sort. We have read the newspaper slip  
 enclosed by the nameless gentleman who feels  
 angry about Mr. Hamersly's fantastic blow-out.  
 Of course the aggrieved anonym will think we  
 have been subsidized by Mr. Hamersly's soup  
 and salad; but we cannot blackguard the ban-  
 quet. In fact, we must commend it. We  
 haven't the pleasure of Mr. Hamersly's acquaint-  
 ance, nor do we greatly yearn therefor; but it is  
 our solemn duty to say that we wish there were  
 more men like him. His occasional eccentric  
 entertainments show originality, liberality and  
 good taste. We are, we New Yorkers, too con-  
 ventional, too imitative, too artificial in our  
 amusements. If these quaint freaks of "free-  
 nearted hospitality" tend to inform our society  
 with something of that gay spirit of simple,  
 unaffected pleasure-seeking which the citizens  
 of continental capitals over-sea are not ashamed  
 to exhibit—why, so much the better for our  
 little metropolis. No, dear anonym, we are  
 not decrying our own fair land—we were just  
 about to remark that the best thing about the  
 dinner in question was its honest native bill-of-  
 fare, that opened with Little Neck clams, and  
 preceded the *sorbet* with Baltimore terrapin.

There are rich men who do worse with their  
 money than the man who goes in for classic  
 festivals and mild myrtle-crowned saturnalia.  
 There is our friend of Gramercy Park, for  
 instance. In spite of the statements which he  
 makes to our reporter—"in another column"  
 —we suspect that Mr. Tilden is a selfish and  
 narrow-souled old person. He has a bar'l of  
 money, as everyone knows, and he ought to  
 sacrifice it to the good of his party. But, if we  
 may mix our metaphors to suit our own taste,  
 that bar'l of money is an apple of discord. It is  
 at the service of the Democracy if the Demo-  
 cracy is at the service of Mr. Tilden. Other-  
 wise the Democratic ship, with its many cap-  
 tains, its ill-trained and unpaid crew growing  
 more and more mutinous as the scanty stores  
 run low, may sink or swim, survive or perish, as  
 best it can. So the foundering party is divided  
 over the question of shipping Jonah for the  
 sake of Jonah's passage-money. Money is  
 much. But then Jonah has a peculiar reputation  
 as a wrecker; and they have had him on board  
 before. Meanwhile there is at least outward  
 harmony in the opposed party, and Cameron  
 and Conkling nurse their imperial baby so  
 judiciously that before long he may develop  
 into a full-grown leader who must be accepted  
 by all branches of the Republicans, whether  
 they like him or no; and the few poor wretches  
 who hoped for something better may leave the  
 party lines in a hopeless, tardy, ridiculous strike  
 —such are the calculations of the third-termers.

The public has of late been pretty exten-  
 sively regaled with accounts of strikes in a  
 large number of trades. As PUCK has before  
 pointed out, it was scarcely wise for workmen  
 to attempt to cripple the revival of business  
 after it has for so long a time been suffering a  
 recovery. In a cartoon we have endeavored  
 to show the probable result of strikes in certain  
 trades. It would be awkward if no horse-shoers  
 were available to fit our steeds with their iron  
 congress-gaiters and slippers. We should have  
 to encase the animals' legs in our own private  
 top-boots and Oxford-ties, in which we are ac-  
 customed to promenade the Avenue. Again,  
 suppose the car-drivers struck: the glorious  
 spectacle of the directors hauling along their  
 own cars—which would do them good—would

be exhibited. A general strike among the cab-  
 inet-makers might utilize the family cooking-  
 range in a way never contemplated by art or  
 nature. And, finally, what we should do if  
 tailors refused to work, and we were obliged to  
 fall back on garments of wamsutta and merino,  
 is really too horrible to contemplate—almost as  
 disagreeable as the prospects of Mr. Benjamin  
 Beaconsfield, in consequence of what is most  
 unquestionably a Liberal victory, and pretty  
 conclusive evidence that his policy is not ap-  
 proved of by the English people.

Mr. Ben Beaconsfield has certainly made the  
 most of his Premiership, from his point of view.  
 That is to say, he has posed and strutted in the  
 most approved theatrical style before the coun-  
 try. Every movement and every utterance  
 was for effect, and naturally deceived many  
 sensible people. Beaconsfield would have made  
 a capital stage-manager. He knew just how  
 much to show and how much to conceal, and  
 yet give everything a realistic and solid appear-  
 ance. There were some good points in his  
 foreign policy, but he neglected home legisla-  
 tion, and toadied to those who were called the  
 aristocracy. Mrs. Victoria made him an Earl,  
 and he was very good as Earls go; but Earls  
 don't go much further than other people now-  
 a-days—in fact, often not so far.

Mrs. Victoria has given Mr. Theodore Martin  
 the opportunity of being called a "Sir." Mr.  
 Martin is a literary man of fair respectability,  
 and he accepts this picayune reward because he  
 thinks people will think more of him in con-  
 sequence. But they won't. Mrs. Victoria's cheap  
 liberality towards Mr. Martin is caused from the  
 fact of this gentleman having written a eulogium,  
 or life, of the late Mr. Albert Victoria in five  
 volumes. We have not enjoyed the perusal of  
 the work, nor do we propose to revel in such an  
 intellectual luxury, but we may ask what on  
 earth Mr. Martin found to say about a harm-  
 less, dignified and commonplace snob—at least  
 that is what the late Mr. William Makepeace  
 Thackeray would have called him.

We wonder what Major Pendennis, whose  
 club was a part of himself, would have thought  
 if he had heard Mr. Secretary of State Evarts  
 as President of the Union Club hold forth at  
 the Lotos Club's recent unique dinner. He  
 would probably have thought or said that one  
 or two of Mr. Evarts's remarks were "vastly  
 ungentleman-like." Mr. Evarts stated that the  
 Union Club had the best cook, thereby imply-  
 ing that the Lotos Club had not so good a one.  
 Now we do not think that the cuisine of the  
 Union Club is all that Mr. Evarts claims for it,  
 but the club has certainly other things to be  
 proud of—we refer especially to the Donny-  
 brook proclivities of some of its members. It  
 is a long time since the side-walk of 21st Street  
 and Fifth Avenue has been graced by a per-  
 sonal encounter between Union Clubbites in  
 or out of their cups, and one ought to be about  
 due. The public feels the deprivation of their  
 legitimate amusement. But if the members of  
 the Union Club positively refuse to bang one  
 another about the head or to exercise their  
 horsewhips on their fellow-members, we think  
 that very pleasurable excitement would be  
 caused if the cook of the Lotos Club challenged  
 the cook of the Union Club to mortal combat,  
 for the slight passed on the former by Mr.  
 Evarts. The "convincing-ground" could be  
 on the avenue between the respective club-  
 houses, Mr. Evarts and Mr. Whitelaw Reid  
 would act as bottleholders, while some of the  
 leading members of the funeral, aboriginal and  
 ready-made chromo-exclusive Knickerbocker  
 Club sports could exhibit their presumably pro-  
 found knowledge of "the code" or "Fistiana"  
 as umpires or referees.

## PRESIDENTIAL SUGGESTIONS.

THOMAS AND JEREMIAH.

NEW YORK, April 5th.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

My choice for President and Vice-President of the United States would be Messrs. Thomas and Jeremiah, better known as Tom and Jerry. From youth I have been familiar with both of these gentlemen in many parts of the country, and have experienced much benefit from their kind, gentle, and soothing treatment. They are perfectly independent in politics, and it is independent candidates we want; and I feel assured if Messrs. Thomas and Jeremiah be nominated by either the Republican or Democratic delegates at Chicago or Cincinnati, that they will be elected by a large majority, and will merit the confidence reposed in them. New York, I know, will vote for Tom and Jerry. The only part of the Union that I am doubtful about would be the New England States.

Yours lushingly,

D. TEES.

DR. MARY WALKER.

PHILADELPHIA, April 2, 1880.

Dear PUCK:

As one who has voted at every Presidential election from the time of Washington, I have come to the conclusion it is about time we had some different kind of person at the White House from the individuals who have of late years been occupying the position. A radical change must be made, and we must look to the softer sex for candidates. Dr. Mary Walker would be my choice, and I know she would get a huge vote if nominated. Her election would exercise on the country an immense influence for good. Women would no longer wear extravagant sealskin sacques and other fashionable garments, following, as they would, the excellent and economic example set by Doctor Mary Walker, who invariably attires herself in such simple garments of masculinity. Hurrah for Mary Walker! She only, in my opinion, can lead her party to victory.

A WALKER MAN.

BOOTH AND BARRETT.

PEORIA, April 1st.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

We've had enough of politicians. We ought to look to other professions from which to choose Chief Magistrates. Why not nominate Booth and Barrett, the two greatest actors that the world ever saw? I know that Keokuk and Leadville would go solid for such a ticket, and I have little doubt about Hoboken. Deportment and dignity are what is required in the White House, and who, I should like to know, have these qualities more strongly developed than Booth and Barrett?

Yours histrionically,

BILL BOARD.

DICKINSON AND REID.

VASSAR COLLEGE, April 2nd, 1880.

Sweet PUCK:

I will let you into a great secret. All of us girls, the other night, talked about the coming Presidential election, and you must know we decided on two such dear dear candidates. They are Anna Dickinson, who will make a quite too awfully lovely President, because she is severe and so like a man; but our ideal Vice-President is darling Whitelaw Reid. He is such an elegant young gentleman, and delivers, oh, such beautiful poetical orations at Lotos Club dinners. I do think it a shame that we young ladies are not permitted to vote. I am quite

sure we are more cultured than Tammany Hall politicians, who are allowed to vote so much.

Lovingly yours,

MAMIE AUGUSTINE SMITH, Sophomore.

P. S.—I shall look out so anxiously for the next number of PUCK, to see if you will print this letter. I half hope that you won't. The very thought puts me in a flutter. But if you do print it, please don't say anything unkind. I really couldn't bear that.

M. A. S.

P. P. S.—Perhaps you had better send me the letter back.

M. A. S.

P. P. P. S.—On second consideration, you can do as you like.

M. A. S.

## THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

THE Metropolitan Museum of Art was opened last week in a very swell style, a superior article of *de facto* President having been brought in from Washington to add solemnity to the occasion. Mr. Joseph H. Choate made some remarks, which also tended to produce the desired effect. These remarks we epitomize:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I know nothing about Art—or at least I am willing to say I don't. It's a horrid fib; but it sounds funny.

This is the first subsidy Art ever got out of the State of New York; and you can wager your sweet lives, my beloved fellow-citizens, there was some tall log-rolling done to get it.

When I look around me and behold the various and appropriate etceteras, I feel very much as most orators do when they go in for that flight of fancy.

We invite you to inspect this collection, which is very large, such as it is—and it is especially fine, what there is of it. When the Duke of Argyll was over here, he told Cesnola—Cesnola was talking to him kinder easy and familiar—a real live Duke—that he'd never seen anything like it in Europe. It could lay right over the British Museum. Since then Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, the distinguished amateur of art, has lent us ten chromos. Now I will proceed to tell you what I know about Art. Art is an educator of the people. We are the greatest nation on earth. Let us be artistic. It's as easy as rolling off a log, when you've once tried it. Now do try to be artistic!"

Never mind, Mr. Choate. We like to see you soar on the wings of the Spread Eagle. The dear old bird is a much worthier fowl than the newly-imported chicken of cockney culchah.

## YOUTH AND AGE.



NEVER TO LATE TO LEARN.

## Puckeringings.

EQUINE EGGERY—A Mare's Nest.

A POUND OF FLESH—Prize Fight.

DE LESSEPS'S MOTTO "I came, I saw, I went."

THE MUCH-MOVED UTES must begin to feel like a block in a 15 puzzle.

EFFECTIVE CURE FOR "SEEING ONE'S SELF IN PRINT"—Get into the Lock-up.

VICTOR HUGO says he is 900 years old. We shouldn't have taken him to be over 875.

SHAKSPERE foresaw that Oilmargarine would some day be used as a term of reproach, when he wrote: "Oh, thou mechanical salt-butter man!"

IT IS SAID—but we have some difficulty in crediting so horrible a rumor—that the Nihilists have sent a disguised emissary to tempt the Czar to learn to ride a bicycle.

METAPHORICALLY WRONG An E.C. remarks of a prominent ex-Cabinet officer that he "uplifts the pipe for Grant." Mistake in terms. He is not uplifting pipe, he is laying it down.

A FAMILY TREE.—The Kearney family shrub is utterly without foliage, and has but one branch—at right-angles to the trunk. This branch grows a beautiful cord for family use.

NOT THAT PLUM, BUT ANOTHER—Senator Plum, of Kansas, is not the plum referred to in the voracious autobiography of juvenile Jack Horner—nor any relation thereto. Kansas Plum was never in anything half so good as pie.

THIS BALMY WEATHER thaws out the poets, who spring melodiously into new life, their genius ever fresh and undimmed by years. The same is not the case with last season's spring suit.

THE SALVATION ARMY is more popular in Philadelphia than it is here. The Philadelphians think it is the advance-guard of the Moody and Sankey organization which they have heard talked about.

PRYOR'S OPPORTUNITY—Now that Roger A. Pryor's "disabilities" have been removed, let him pitch in and give us a sample of his abilities. That's the question upon which some folks agree to disagree.

THE RIGHT HON. E. H. KNATCHBULL HUGESSEN has been re-elected M. P. for Sandwich. We advise all our readers who may have comments to make on this piece of news to express them in writing, and to avoid trying to enunciate the Hon. gentleman's name. According to the British mode of spelling proper names, as exemplified in "Cholmondeley" and "Cirencester", Knatchbull Hugessen may spell Smith.

THE Nation's wrapped in various glooms: Tilden corners hostelry rooms: As the candidate o'er the horizon looms, Sages prophesy dreadful dooms: The year an unpleasant aspect assumes, In spite of the Springtime's blushing blooms: In the streets the hearses nod their plumes Over Pleurisy's presents to Greenwood's tombs: The vernal poet in frenzy fumes: And we're threatened with several additional booms.



## WHY HE DID IT.

THE TRUE SIGNIFICANCE OF MR. TILDEN'S CORNER IN HOTEL ROOMS.

NOT FOR POLITICAL PURPOSES.

HOW AN OLD YET INNOCENT MAN HAS BEEN CRUELLY MISJUDGED

FINANCIER, NOT FRAUD.

All for 10 Cents.

**M**R. SAMUEL JONES TILDEN'S recent speculation in hotel accommodations has provoked such general comment that PUCK felt that the gentleman chiefly interested ought to have that opportunity of explaining his course which his natural modesty would prevent his seeking for himself. Everybody has been talking of Tilden's "operation," and telling, how and why he did it, but Mr. Tilden has, so far, not spoken on his own behalf.

So a PUCK reporter went up to Gramercy Park and interviewed him. He found Mr. Tilden, of whom so much and from whom so little is heard, a quiet and retiring old gentleman, with an almost infantile expression of sweetness and innocence on his face. He was seated in his nursery, teaching his nephew, a small but active, not to say obstreperous child, to write. The infant had a large slate, whereon were formed, in a fair round hand, the words: RUSSIA—MULES—VENICE—200,000—AGGLUTINATE TELL MARBLE.

"Very well, Pelty," said his uncle, kindly, "that will do for to-day—run along."

Then, turning to his visitor, he inquired:

"What can I Alleghany Bristles Alabama—I mean, what can I do for you, sir?"

The PUCK reporter stated the object of his visit.

"Dear me, ah, yes!" said the old man, reflecting rubbing his hands together: "Those Rooms. They seem to have created a great deal of excitement; but I really don't know why they should—it's a very simple business transaction."

"It is asserted, Mr. Tilden," said the reporter: "that you have cornered all the available rooms in the hotels of Cincinnati and Syracuse, for the purpose of keeping out your political opponents."

"Me! corner rooms—me do anything political—bless me!" cried the dear old gentleman, bursting into a fit of laughter that made him cough dreadfully. It was evident that he was very feeble. The reporter patted him on the back, and he recovered himself sufficiently to continue:

"We do all those things at my age—a poor old simple man like me! Why, I wouldn't know how to do such things—I'm not experienced enough in the ways of the world—indeed I'm not."

"But you have been engaging rooms, haven't you?" inquired the reporter.

"Well, ya-as, my boy," replied the venerable interviewee, a faint business-like twinkle coming into his blue eye: "I have been buying up a room or two; but it was only in a very modest, unobtrusive way."

"Not for political purposes, Mr. Tilden?"

"Dear bless me, no! I don't know anything about politics except that of course they're very dreadful things—or so I've been told."

"Then you never had in view the possibility of making yourself President by euchering your antagonist?"

"Euchering—antagonists! I never play cards, and I haven't an antagonist. And President!

—me President! Why, I'm a plain man, sonny, and I'd feel lonesome in such a grand position."

"Then what did you rent the rooms for, Mr. Tilden?"

"Only for a little business speculation, my dear. I kind of heard there'd be a few folks going to Cincinnati and Syracuse this summer, and I thought I'd sort of dispose of them at a profit, as it were."

"But you hired a hall, Mr. Tilden."

"That was for the reporters to fire off their mouths in, young fellow. Wa'n't it, Pelty?" he added to the infant who was now nestling on his knee.

And the PUCK reporter left the Old Man Innocent.

## RHYMES OF THE DAY.

## NONSENSE, PERHAPS.

There was an Old Man of Peru,  
Who got himself into a stew  
Of domestic concern,  
Which did cruelly burn  
This bald-head of Ancient Peru.

## GRAMERCY!

And over all there hung a cloud of fear:  
A sense of Ciphering Old Tilden daunted,  
That said, as plain as Pelton, in the ear—  
"YOU ARE NOT WANTED!" BEGUM.

## A NATURAL PRODUCT.

That mammoth whale  
Will be for sale,  
Pound parcels will be seen;  
With letters cramped,  
You'll find each stamped—  
O-le-o-margarine. INCOG.

## ANNUS MIRABILIS:

There never was so strange a year:  
The seasons seem all out of gear:  
The summer took so much of Fall,  
We had no autumn days at all;  
The Fall, in order to get square,  
Took all of winter it did dare;  
And winter evens up the thing  
By lingering in the lap of spring. A. I.

## A TEMPERANCE PARTY.



FOND HUSBAND—"My dear, these are particular friends (hic) of mine, so don't offer 'em anything strong—it would 'fend 'em. They are strictly temperate, see?"

WIFE (sternly)—"Yes; I see!"

## ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON,  
March 30th, 1880.

SENATE.

Centennial Exhibition  
in New York,  
1883.



SENATOR CARPENTER would feel under considerable obligation to Senators generally if they would be so good as to inform him what clause of the Constitution authorized

Congress to pass a bill incorporating a society to carry on business in the State of New York.

SENATOR KERNAN, as one who tried to do his best to represent New York, thought Congress could do pretty much as it pleased in getting up intellectual shows for the benefit of the nation. Senator Carpenter, as a Wisconsinite, was probably jealous of New York, and would prefer the exhibition being held at Madison, that extensive and world-renowned State Capital city of the North-West.

SENATOR CARPENTER loved the Constitution, but loved to hear himself talk still more, although he had but a short time to do it in, by the rules. The Constitution was being violated every five minutes of the day, and he did not wish to see any extra violation for such a very small affair as this one-horse show promises to be. This was the thin edge of the wedge, and by-and-by nothing would be thought of sticking an Emperor on the throne instead of a President, and having a House of Lords and Commons, and doing several other aristocratic things. The passage of such a bill would have the effect of making people very immoral, and causing New York to entertain too high an opinion of herself.

SENATOR WALLACE thought if the Constitution had been violated by the exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876, it would be as well to do it again in New York in 1883. That was the kind of violation that he affected.

SENATOR CARPENTER had a strong affection for Democrats, but they astonished him more and more every day that he took his mush-and-milk. The Democrats professed to stick to the Constitution—he specially admired this point in their character—and now they were going to break it. Some people wanted to have a spree in New York, and they came to Congress for it. He was not fond of sprees, unless they were held in Wisconsin. New York was a bad place, and did not deserve a World's Fair, and should not have it, as it was unconstitutional—so there now!

SENATOR EATON said if the proposed show were held in the State of Connecticut it would be constitutional. It could not possibly be so in New York. He was glad that Senator Carpenter had repudiated Republicanism and become a Democrat. He would be found very useful to the party.

After a little more such talk the bill went over, and was passed the next day.

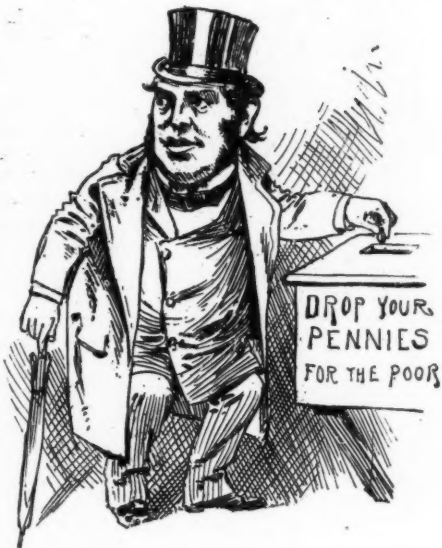
PRACTICAL SOLUTION—The *World's* conundrum, "Do advance sheets advance?" depends. If the sheets be paper of the printing variety, the manufacturers will probably answer in the affirmative.

A MATTER OF PRICE—A penny edition of the New Testament has just been published in London, and there are people too mean to read it at that price.



# IMPROBABILITIES.

SKETCHES OF WHAT WE DON'T PARTICULARLY EXPECT.



When Childs A. M. shall benefact in private—  
—fact in private:



When Jay Gould's hands in Gould's own pockets stay—  
—pockets stay:



When Bob Ingersoll these honors shall arrive at—  
shall arrive at:



And Ben Butler governs Massachusetts Bay—  
—chusetts Bay:



When Tilden makes a corner in domestics—  
—in domestics;  
And trots two tiny twins upon his knees:



When Evarts's watch within a rounded vest ticks—  
—rounded vest ticks:



And Beecher makes a statement that will please:  
—that will please:

Oh, then it will be plain to everybody—  
—everybody—



When Hayes and Wheeler take their little toddy—  
—little toddy:

That we're getting near the Great Mil-len-i-um—



When Grant goes back to work where he's "at hum"—  
—he's "at hum":

—len-i-um!

## ROOM FOR IRELAND!

### PUCK'S PHILANTHRO-SCIENTIFIC PROJECT.

THE SUBLIMEST ACHIEVEMENT  
OF THE AGE.

KNOCKS EDISON COMPLETELY ENDWAYS.

Read this and Weep.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the immense amount of money gathered in by PUCK for the "Parnell Fund," and which has been sent to Ireland for the alleviation of their distresses, and to help them eke out Peter's pence, letters continue to come to those philanthropic shores from that zealously pious but hard-up country, in which said letters the writers bewail their continual hard-upness, and threaten to flit away from the Green Isle to the land of the home and the brave of the free, or words to that effect.

It is true that Mr. Parnell deprecates emigration, for the plain reason that if his constituents were to go he would no longer have a constituency, nor be an M.P. Nevertheless the fever of emigration is strong upon our Celtic brothers, and they have determined to come over here to get something to eat. That is all right; let them come. We have plenty, and to spare.

Unfortunately, however, there are very many who, after paying Peter's pence (which is their first duty, in spite of famine or starvation), have nothing left to pay their passage to America.

In this emergency, what can they do?

Clearly, nothing.

That is, *they* cannot, but *we* can.

One of the fundamental principles of our glorious American government is that great axiomatic aphorism, enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are created free and equal."

Equal to what?

Well, what, indeed, except to the emergency? That is it, exactly. Irishmen may not be equal to the emergency, but *we* are, at all times, and in all cases.

Accordingly we instructed our scientist, Prof. Ephraim Muggins, to devise some method of overcoming the difficulty, and below is the result of an interview between our reporter and the great scientist.

"Have you solved the problem?" the reporter inquired.

"We have!" said Mr. Muggins, drawing from his pocket the following



MAP OF IRELAND.

"We have made a careful diagnosis of the case, and have concluded to bring the island over to America—"

"What, the whole island?"

"*Certainement, toute entière.* If you will glance at the map, and scoop in the contour of the island, you will begin to gather that there is nothing easier—"

"Exactly—I gather!" said the reporter.

"You see there are but two things necessary—to cut it loose, to float it, and to bring it over."

"That's three things," suggested the too accurate reporter.

"Very well; don't interrupt. How is it to be done, do you ask?"

"Well, no," said the reporter, "I didn't ask, but assume it asked, and propel."

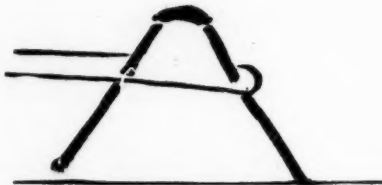
"First, then, to sever it from its moorings—you have seen the cheerful huckster, dairyman, or butter merchant, mayhap, upturn a firkin, and, withdrawing it, leave the virgin oleomargarine standing there in its exquisite mould of loveliness."

"Yes; go on," said the reporter.

"Very well. He wishes to cut it in twain. Do you mark?"

"Yes," said the reporter, breathless with anxiety, "I Mark—Twain! Go on! Go on!"

"He takes a bit of wire, as in this diagram, draws it deftly through the lacteal agglomeration, and the thing is done!"



THUS!

In precisely the same way we shall surround Ireland with a strong wire cable, and, using Fastnet rock as the *locus operandi*, we shall, by the aid of a strong windlass, draw the cable completely under the island, cutting it loose and leaving it free to be wafted away to the land of the—

"But how will it float?"

"Ah, yes! Well, you see, earth is to water, ordinarily, as 1078 to 1. But the soil of Ireland is largely *peat*, which is both light and combustible, reducing the ponderability to about 833 to 1. Now to ascertain the quantity of gas necessary to float it

$$833 \frac{4}{9} + (b-x) + \sqrt{\frac{gin}{potheen}} = \frac{Gas}{Parnell} + 1$$

Q. E. D.

It must be remembered that there are two modifying conditions—first, if a million or so come over by steamer, and if Parnell goes back, the specific gravity will be reduced by many thousand tons. Besides that, Cork, of course, will float itself. All we want now is a government subsidy of \$875,956,279,833,579,825,175.19 to carry out the enterprise; and Congress may be safely relied on to grant a trifle like this for so grand a purpose. We will want about 375,000 steamships to tow the island over, and when once here we can sell it for more than enough to recoup for all outlay."

"But what will England say?"

"England? Pshaw! England? Why, England need know nothing about it."

"True! true! But this is a great undertaking."

"Well, it's nothing for ME. It is true that the Isthmian Canal, the Ship Railway, the East River Bridge, the Electric Light, Carbolic Salve, and other engineering feats of the age, pale into insignificance beside it, but to me—"

"*Facilis descensus averni—*"

"Of course! of course!"

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CXX.

THOUGHTS ON MARRIAGE.



Ya-as, as the time approaches faw the tolerwably interwesting cerwemony which is to make Miss Marguerwite and me man and wife, it is verwy naturwal that

I should welflect a little and give expwession to a few aw ide-ahs with wegard to matwimony.

I fwequently thought, in fact aw had partially wesolved, that I would nevah bothah myself about getting marwied. To a considerwable extent it is a gweat baw to have to fasten oneself to a female cweachah verwy pwobably faw the wemaindah of one's existence. A fellow weally ought not to do it, unless he is desperwately in love. But that sort of thing has almost gone out of fashion, except among the lowah classes and barbarwians, or inhabitants in recently discovered countwies.

I have nevah twied serwiously to find out the weason of this aw indifference to marwiage. It does seem odd and unnaturwal. So many of my fwends—fellaws who were with me at Harwaw and Cambwidge, and who, as a mattah of course, are quite wich and could afford to have perfectly satisfactorwy wesidences and establishments—seem quite comfortable in wemaining bachelahs, stwolling into their clubs and amusing themselves in everwy way but by paying attention and lavishing admiration on differwent young women with a view of finding out if they will do to marwy.

I long ago gave up this pwactice myself, and so has Jack.

When a youngstah I used aw, as most young fellaws are, to be attwacted by a me-ah pwetty face. Now, to be at all interwested, I wequire a gweat deal maw than that. It must be exceedingly disagweeable to have to weside with a cweachah who is perwhaps stupid or widiculolous, or ignorwant and exacting, and a nuisance generwally. Besides, so many of them, even in our set, are extwawagant, exacting, and outwageously vain; and, furthah, they expect to be glorwified and worshipped all the time.

Aw, ye see, few fellaws can endure wepeatedly this kind of thing faw any lengthened perwiod.

Aw I have not this fault to find with Miss Marguerwite, othahwise I should not dweam of marwyng her—maw especially as she has the slight dwawback of being an Amerwican. But she is weally aw verwy nice, and I don't think I am going fah wong—in fact, I am tolerwably sure I am not.

Ya-as aw, and there is anothah thing which must be wemembahed. A gyurl, in the pwesent condition of society, ought weally to think herself extwemely fortunate to pwocure a wespectable husband. There are comparwitively an inferwiah numbah of men who want to marwy, or who can marwy, with the exalted notions of many gyurls; and there is a superabundant supply of women—women who want to get husbands.

Poor cweachahs, I am sorwy for their pwospect of becoming old maids, and gwowing to be a aw nuisance to themselves and everwybody else. And yet this, as Jack says, must necessarwily be the fate of two or thwee millions of women in Gweat Bwitain and in Amerwica. Some of the nicer of these women, Jack says, might be marwied if they were not so pwudish, and did not set so high and widiculous a value on themselves aw.



## IN GEMITU VINUM.

**H**AT men will break through rules  
Is a well known fact;  
They're stubborn as a pack of mules,  
And like them act.

Mahomet warned his turbaned band  
Drinks to decline,  
And, if they'd reach the promised land,  
To keep no wine.

And yet no traveler in the East  
Did ever fail,  
Be he a soldier, sage, or priest,  
To tell this tale:

"One knows where Mussulmans abound  
By this plain sign,  
Around their houses dogs are found,  
And lots of wine." ARTHUR LOT.

THE EVER-STARVING ISLE;  
OR:  
THE MYSTERIOUS CONTRIBUTION BOX.  
A ROMANCE OF MODERN TIMES.

(Not) By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

## CHAPTER I.

Mr. Parnell—"The remainder of this thrilling romance will be found exclusively in the New York Herald, the greatest story teller of this or any other age, which in the field of purely Irish romance has no rivals. Price 3 cents. Reduction to shillelahs.

## THE THEATRES.

EDWIN BOOTH is Shakesperizing in the theatre that he once called his own. Mrs. D. P. Bowers is a vast improvement on the style of support that Mr. Booth usually gives us.

"Hearts of Oak," at the FIFTH AVENUE, is advertised as a positive novelty. It is a positive novelty in the beauty of its scenery—but a positive novelty in its oppressive dullness.

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL still gives shelter to Mr. Rud. Bial's excellent orchestra, and Herr Breitschuck is making the harp quite fashionable by his very skilful manipulation of that instrument.

To-night, at DALY's an entirely new comedy of society, as it is and might be—in fact, a play of contemporaneous human interest, entitled "The Way We Live," will be given to an expectant world.

After the matinée on Saturday, April 17th, Mr. Mapleson and his opera company will sail for Europe—Mrs. Victoria desires their presence in London, in order to be reviewed in the Tower of London by the new Parliament. This is strictly in accordance with the British constitution. Mr. Mapleson's benefit took place last night; acts from "Aida," "Carmen," and "la Favorita" were performed. Mr. Mapleson has given us good opera, and has reaped a fair reward. He must come and see us again.

"To Marry or Not to Marry," an old and naturally fine comedy, credited to Mrs. Inchbald, with new and picturesque scenery, elegant costumes, appropriate furniture and appointments, is now affording amusement and instruction to the patrons of WALLACK'S THEATRE. We have spoken of Mrs. Inchbald's comedy as being old—it is not so very old, for the author died but sixty years ago, but it is old by comparison with the "Shaughraun," "Pinafore," and other productions with which the public has recently been familiar. Mr. Wallack assumed the character of *Sir Oswin Mortland*, and, of course, did it the fullest justice. If it were not for our arbitrary press arrangements, we should have a great deal more to say about "To Marry or Not to Marry," and the

respective performances of Messrs. John Gilbert, Harry Beckett, Miss Stella Boniface, and Mme. Ponisi, but we must defer our notice until next week.

The BIJOU THEATRE, a dainty little decorative-art box on Broadway, near Thirtieth St., opened its doors last week, and announces that it means to keep them open to all who like melody and mirth in small packages. The idea is a good one; and what is better than its excellence is the very fair chance it has of becoming profitable, also. The opening entertainment struck the artistic keynote of the house. It was composed of Mr. Pinafore Gilbert's "Ages Ago," a clever comedietta, more readable thanactable, and "Charity Begins at Home," by Messrs. Cellier and Bolton Rowe. The first piece dragged a little; Mr. Frederic Clay's music, while often pretty, in a commonplace way, is wholly lacking in dramatic correspondence with the words; and its merits are somewhat obscured by imperfect orchestration. But Mr. Alfred Cellier made amends by his afterpiece, wherein Miss Carrie Burton made a hit. Mr. Cellier's music is bright, melodious and well fitted to the lines; and his firm and workmanlike handling of orchestral effects gives it an added charm.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. J. Brander Matthews's "Theatres of Paris" is not published in the interest of any French ticket-speculators. It treats the subject with that all-round fairness which might be expected of an honored contributor to PUCK. It deals out the cards to the solid, old-fashioned Comédie Française and to the giddy Palais Royal with an equal hand; like Death whooping it up indiscriminately to the occupants of kingly towers and 10-cent lodging-houses. It lays out Miss Sairey Bernhardt most particularly cold; and in a strictly unbiassed and judicial manner proves her to be a faker, artistically speaking. The work is thoroughly interesting; in which point it differs from Mr. Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia"; and, to lure the indifferent book-buyer, it is lit up with pictures of more or less merit, including one by Carolus Duran, representing Miss Sophie Croizette as *Mazeppa*. After the book-buyer once buys and begins to read, he won't need much more luring to bring him through. Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons publish "The Theatres of Paris."

Octave Feuillet's "Little Countess" is Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Co.'s latest publication. The story is entertaining, and the translation, by Mary Neil Sherwood, is well done.

## Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Tell her Hermesianax will be finished in two weeks.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.—No, you couldn't cure a poet by reading poetry to him. But this is simply because no poet ever believes in any poetry except that which he himself composes.

A WELL-WISHER.—You're very good, indeed, dear boy; but fearfully vague. We haven't a doubt that your suggestion is valuable beyond measure; but we don't quite know what it is.

"GEN. RAILTON."—What is it that you are boiling over with? Is it sarcasm; or what is it? You ought to label it. We have a strong suspicion that your system is run down. You want a powerful spring tonic. Try cyanide of potassium, and, if that doesn't help you, masticate dynamite lozenges. One or the other will probably land you in the summer land.

AN OLD FRIEND.—You wish to know why the least interesting matter in the newspapers—namely, the editorials—is always printed in the largest type. You probably ask us in order to induce us to say something funny; but we propose to answer you in dead seriousness. It is because the editors in the office have a chance to get in with the man who audits the bills; and they are paid on space.

G. F. G.—We submitted your letter to our artistic department and it has been returned with the following note:

NEW YORK.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Please answer under your regular column for "Answers to Correspondents" the following: Did the artist of the 15 puzzle cartoon intend to number the candidates according to his idea of their chances for the Presidential nomination, or did he, by giving Tilden No. 1 and placing him so far from No. 1's space, wish to convey that Tilden's chances were slim. Please answer—to decide bet.

G. F. G.

The artist will not give it away.

CONSTANT READER.—We cannot do better than to reprint your letter:

NEW YORK, March, 8th, 1880.

EDITOR OF PUCK—Dear Sir:

I want to ask a favor of you. I am a lone woman, only when I have PUCK, and I can only put in the feeble voice of woman. Nevertheless I am confident you will hear me for my constancy as a reader of your issues. The face heading of "Fitznoodle in America" is so offensive to me. I do wish you would ask Mr. Keppler to contrive some one face heading more congenial to my taste. Ever praying,

I am sincerely,

CONSTANT READER.

We should be delighted to oblige you, O fair and constant reader; and no doubt Mr. Fitznoodle would be happy to change his lineaments to accord with your ideal, if he could; but we can only reproduce the features that were made for the Honorable Gentleman without his being called into consultation. And, to tell the truth, privately, we think, you know, that you are the least bit jealous of Miss Marguerite. Isn't that it, sweet Constant Reader?

## A WARNING TO THE SMALL BOYS.



Little Johnny's Father Gives Him a New Velocipede.



The End of Little Johnny's First Ride.

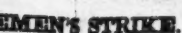


POLICE HEADQUARTERS



FEARFUL CONSEQUENCES OF







## MYTHOLOGY MADE EASY.

## THE WANDERINGS OF ULYSSES.

## III.

**W**E are disposed to be charitable, but it *does* seem that if Ulysses was so extremely anxious to see Ithaca and Mrs. Penelope once more, he might have managed to escape from a lone, weak woman, instead of remaining her prisoner seven years! Why didn't he call the police? Or drive a red-hot stake into her eye?

One day Ulysses might have been seen sitting on the sea-shore, looking as sad and gloomy as the editor of a comic weekly. There was a far-off look in his eyes. He was thinking of home. All these years he had not received a letter from Mrs. Ulysses, and the mails brought him no daily papers from Ithaca. He once wrote a letter to the local paper pitching into the post-office department for the irregularity of the mails, and urging the removal of the Postmaster General. The editor threw his communication into the waste-basket, and Ulysses concluded that the press was subsidized. Finally the gods took pity on him, and prevailed upon Calypso to permit him to depart. The smitten maid wept until the tears made little rivulets through a layer of rouge and lily-white as they trickled down her cheeks. She locked herself in her room and tried to forget Ulysses in the mysteries of a "13-14-15 puzzle," invented by the Chinese six thousand years ago; and two weeks later she was removed to an insane asylum. The puzzle, not disappointed love, upset her reason.

Ulysses made a raft and put to sea again; but Neptune determined to give him another instalment of punishment for maltreating his son Polyphemus. A storm shattered his small craft, and as he was sinking for the third and last time, a sea-nymph named Leucothea grabbed him by the hair and rescued him. The reader may have noticed that a drowning person is never rescued until he is "going down for the third and last time."

Ulysses now found himself on the island of the Phæacians. He was cordially welcomed by the king, who gave him many costly presents.

After an absence of twenty years Ulysses found Penelope still faithful to him. It is extremely doubtful if this would have been the case if she had been an American woman. Their meeting was very touching especially on the lips. Penelope informed her husband how the suitors had tormented her for years. They became so importunate that they cheekily took up their abode in the Winter Palace of Ulysses and tried in vain to persuade her that her husband had joined the silent majority. Unfortunately, there were no Nihilists to blow up the corner of the Winter Palace which the lovers had "jumped." The suitors became so persistent that at last Penelope promised to select a husband from among them when she had finished a shroud for her dear father-in-law against the day of his death. Now note the ingenuity of woman. The shroud was a robe of delicate texture, and the work she accomplished during the day she picked out at night! She practiced this ruse for three years, and although her suitors admitted that she was not an expert seamstress, and that it would take her not less than six weeks to sew on a collar-button when a man had only five minutes to catch the train, yet they did not abandon the siege of her heart. They invited her to accompany them to the "Pirates of Penzance" and to the circus, and Talmage's church, and other places of frivolous amusement. And this was the state of things when Ulysses arrived home.

With the aid of his son Telemachus, who was now old enough to vote on age, Ulysses raised a quarrel with his wife's suitors, and slew them all. Then he put down an insurrection inaugurated by the friends of the slain lovers, after which he ascended the throne for a second term, and lived, as they do in the end of old-fashioned story-books—"happy ever after."

## MR. ROBINSON'S TREACHEROUS FRIEND.

ST. JOHNSBURG, VT., March 29th, 1880.

EDITOR PUCK, N. Y.—Dear Sir:

Being a news agent, and knowing you would like to have the correct solution of the 15 puzzle, I have a friend who has solved the problem when the last three numbers 13-14-15 were transposed to 13-15-14, and has the correct move to obtain the result—of 1 to 16 consecutively. It requires a great many moves, and can give them from first to last.

He is well aware that various offers have been made and wishes me to write to some reliable paper and get their bid for the exclusive right to publish it first.

I have seen it done and can vouch that it is correct.

An immediate answer will greatly oblige

Very Respectfully,

C. F. ROBINSON.

## THE WONDERFUL DOG

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE REMARKABLE HABITS OF PERUVIAN MONARCH. PEDIGREE UNKNOWN, AND BREED WRAPPED IN IMPENETRABLE MYSTERY.

**D**OGS that save the lives of the helpless and the innocent from fire and flood; dogs that transact their masters' business for them with delicacy and tact, and nurse them through long and dangerous illnesses; dogs that sit upon their dead masters' graves until removed to a better sphere by broken hearts or starvation, are common enough. We may read of them in almost any column of newspaper paragraphs or instructive juvenile books. But Peruvian Monarch was not one of this kind. If he had been, I should have considered him merely an ordinary dog, and left his history unwritten.

I bought him at an auction of the contents of "a gentleman's private residence" in West Twenty-third street. He was called a "faithful family watch-dog" in the catalogue, and I may say he fairly matched the "valuable old masters in elegant gilt frames" which figured in the pages of the same publication. Like the cork tree, his bark is his most important part. When there is a moon he bays it; nights when the moon forgets to show up, he bays street-lamps and stray cats; and many are the letters in the *Herald* complaint column from citizens whose nights have been made miserable and sleepless by his howling. But one night Peruvian Monarch slept. One night peace and serenity settled like a dove upon our neighborhood. That was the night when the house was entered by burglars, and every portable thing of value carried off in a four-horse truck. The gentleman who transacted this neat "operation" had taken the almost unnecessary precaution of giving Peruvian Monarch a beefsteak cooked by Delmonico, and seasoned with a violent poison.

The combination would have proved fatal to an ordinary dog; but it only acted like a mild dose of hasheesh upon the system of Peruvian Monarch. The faithful watchdog was found sleeping comfortably on the area steps at nine o'clock next morning with a happy smile and an ounce or two of Paris green still lingering on his lips.

He is an affectionate creature, too, but not after the manner of ordinary dogs, for he loves at first sight every stranger whom he sees in the street, and will leave off rummaging in an ash-barrel or rolling in the mud to fling himself rapturously on the bosom of a passing youth, who has just stepped out to air his pearl-colored ulster, or drop a dirty bone to lick the face of a neat little girl on her way to Sunday-school. When I was sick, he used to creep into my room, drink up my beef-tea, and sprawl on the foot of my bed, snapping at imaginary flies and scratching himself. He always accompanied me when, in my rural days, I went down to the river to swim. Not that he loved the water, for he has a constitutional horror of that cleansing element; but to lurk about until I had disrobed, when he would amuse himself by worrying my clothes, or, running off with an indispensable garment, would frolic and dance about in "sportive glee," just out of my reach, as in scanty raiment I vainly pursued him about the shore, with stern commands and wild entreaties.

One day when I was nearly drowned, and with difficulty resuscitated by my friends, Peruvian Monarch could not be found, and it was feared that in some heroic but ineffectual effort to save my life the faithful animal had met a watery doom. But not so. He was found quite dry before the kitchen fire, fast asleep upon my coat, out of the pockets of which he had dropped various valuables on the way home.

No sane person will ever send him to the butcher's for meat, as they do ordinary dogs; for, even if it were possible to induce him to make the purchase, he would most undoubtedly devour the merchandise on the way home.

He will never drag any lost child out of a snow-drift and restore it to its anxious parents, for he absolutely refuses to expose himself to the inclement weather.

If any house he lives in ever takes fire, instead of alarming the inmates by his prompt and timely barking in the usual manner, he will stay just long enough to get nicely warmed, and then run about the street tripping up firemen, and amusing himself in his usual cheerful way. And I have a prophetic vision of my own tombstone—cause of death: hydrophobia—with Peruvian Monarch dodging about it in a game of hide-and-seek with a disreputable mongrel friend.

GEORGE WALTER KYLE.

## AWFULLY IMPORTANT.

The Earl of Onslow has been appointed to the position of Gold-Stick-in-Waiting on Her Majesty, made vacant by the death of the Earl of Reden.

A thrill of glad elation

Was felt throughout the land;

The mighty British nation

Rejoiced on every hand.

"The Gold-Stick is in waiting"—

The news came swift and sure;

Each loyal breast inflating—

"All Europe's peace secure!"

May brave Earl Onslow proudly

His billet long maintain,

And loyal men sing loudly,

"Long may Victoria reign!"



## HERMESIANAX PRATT.

HIS VARIEGATED ADVENTURES IN ALL THE COUNTRIES  
OF THE GLOBE, INCLUDING SOME UNKNOWN  
TO JULES VERNE.

EXTRACTED FROM THE ORIGINAL, EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. ROBIDA.

## PART SECOND.—AMERICA.

## CHAPTER II.

## AN INDIAN IRUPTION.

AT the end of the week Hermesianax stopped blushing. He had something else to think about. The city being rather overcrowded, Hermesianax, Mysora, and the small but exceedingly choice assortment of wives reserved for the chief Prophet when he should return from his religious drumming-tour, had been sent to a hotel in the suburbs; in a rural and exposed position.

And one night the Indians came down on them and carried them off, just like this. [We could describe that Indian raid for its entire value; but we don't wish to infringe upon various copyrights held by Mr. Beadle, of this city.]

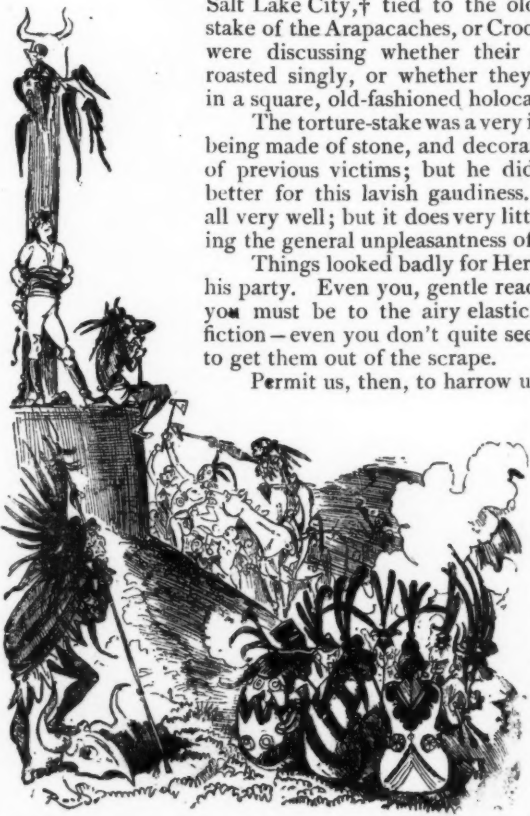
Binding the victims upon the backs of the small mustang horses, of the polo variety, they dashed off into the darkness, uttering the wierd, wild war-whoop of their race, which, blending with the terrified screams of the young women, the whinnying of the horses [who would have preferred the more aristocratic employment of the polo slaughter-grounds], and the occasional arabesque observations of Mr. Hermesianax Pratt, made up a medley that would have given old Jack Sebastian Bach several ideas for new Passion Music, if he had only been alive and on hand to hear it. But Jack Bach and Lou Beethoven are both dead. We have only Dick Wagner left.

The United States Army was not on hand at the time,\* and when the dewy morning dawned Hermesianax found himself somewhere between five hundred and a thousand miles from Salt Lake City,† tied to the old ancestral torture-stake of the Arapachies, or Crooked-Ear tribe, who were discussing whether their victims should be roasted singly, or whether they should be lumped in a square, old-fashioned holocaust.

The torture-stake was a very imposing structure; being made of stone, and decorated with the scalps of previous victims; but he did not feel any the better for this lavish gaudiness. Decorative art is all very well; but it does very little towards alleviating the general unpleasantness of a raw roast.

Things looked badly for Hermesianax Pratt and his party. Even you, gentle reader, accustomed as you must be to the airy elasticity of our style of fiction—even you don't quite see how we are going to get them out of the scrape.

Permit us, then, to harrow up your feeling for a moment—just to create a pleasant feeling of suspense by calling your attention to the fiendish delight with which these ancient and ugly squaws are stirring up the water and spice and Worcestershire sauce that make so delicious a basis for broth. Looks just as if they were going to stew Hermesianax, doesn't it?



\* The United States Army was playing draw, for beans, at Fort Leavenworth, and had had to call in a nigger to make up the regular game.

† "They could not travel so far in one night—" Simultaneous reader, we know it; and have not specified *what* morning it was that dawned. As a matter of fact, it was a dewy morning in the first part of the next week.

Well, they're not. Indians don't eat white men. They prefer to take their



whiskey straight. That water is being boiled and flavored only to prepare for the immersion of a few stray puppies. The dog is the Indian mock-turtle, and there is generally enough of him around an Indian camp to make canine soup an inexpensive luxury.

Yet the lurid wildness of the scene must chill your blood with unspeakable horror;\* and while your blood is chilling, we will pass to the next chapter.

## CHAPTER III.

## AN EXPEDIENT.

All Indians are superstitious. With the serene presence of mind which is characteristic of all great souls, Hermesianax, remembering this fact, turned to his own advantage a little incident that happened to occur just at the moment.

The time to overhaul an incident is when it occurs. You want to catch right on to it, as it were. A stale incident can be turned to very little advantage. In this, incidents are like eggs. Here, however, the similiarity ends. Incidents should be handled firmly. With eggs you need more discretion than vigor of grasp. But any man who has a feeling for eggs will not need to be prompted to gentleness. The best place to feel for eggs is under a barn. The best time is in the absence of the hen. We do not know why we drop into these remarks about incidents and eggs; but, such as they are, they are at the reader's service.

It chanced that a balloon-load of traveling Englishmen was passing overhead. The car was full of Dukes and Marquises and Earls, with the waste places filled in with Baronets.† They had chosen this method of making the American tour so as to be quite comfortable and exclusive, and not to be obliged to mix with the low inhabitants of the country. Besides, it was much more convenient for the sporting members of the party, who, having been accustomed to hunting foxes, might have felt embarrassed in the presence of the impulsive and pervasive buffalo.

At any rate, there they were, sailing through the empyrean in their own private and dreadfully aristocratic balloon; and they arrived just in the nick of time for Hermesianax. Casting his eyes up to heaven, by accident, he took in the situation at a glance.

"I have it!" he murmured between his set teeth; and then, unsettling his teeth as far as the expansiveness of his mouth would permit, he yelled loudly:

"I disapprove of England's Foreign Policy!"

The effect was electric. From their chronic condition of aimlessly grumbling dissatisfaction with things in general, they suddenly awoke to active bellicosity.

One Marquis called Hermesianax a Low Liberal; a Dook said he was a 'Orrid Radical, and one of the ladies of the party, the Very Extra Right Hon. Lady Geraldine Maud Madeline Stokeby-de-Stokeby, softly flung down to him, in her own genuine vocal velvet, the information that he was a Hobstructionist.

Hermesianax calmly began to repeat from memory some entertaining remarks of Mr. Gladstone's.

This was too much for aerial Albion. The Englishmen at once determined upon a mild, yet firm, course of action. They did not fire their guns at Hermesianax, for they did not think they could hit him.

But they took off their boots and fired them down, and knocked most of the Indians cold. Hermesianax was not hit, though he quoted John Bright at the fast-vanishing balloon, and otherwise did his best to rile the nobility. The Indians who were not laid out by the shower of boots at once untied Hermesianax and worshiped him for a deity.

They thought that heaven had intervened in his behalf, and that the balloon and its contents were Manitou. Hermesianax did not undeceive them. He said that the aggregation in the aërostat was understood to be something of the sort; and he told the Indians to pick up the boots and he'd show them a neat little trick.



\* You have heard of supping on horrors? Well, this is a snifter of scarefulness.

† For the information of untitled and common Americans, we will mention that the Baronet represents the two-for-a-cent grade of English nobility.

## CHAPTER IV.

## A DEMONSTRATION IN NATURAL HISTORY.

Hermesianax did show those Indians a little trick. He said to them, as soon as he was released from his bonds:

"Now, look here, boys, your principal worriment is Snakes. You are all right on the buffalo, or, as it is called in Boston, the Bison; the panther, the bear and the wild-cat have no terrors for you. When you don't feel equal to coping with them, you keep out of their way; and they have no special desire to obtrude themselves upon you. They do not seek your society unasked; and rarely put you to the trouble of snubbing them. But the Rattlesnake is frequent, unanimous and undesirable. He follows you into the sacred privacy of domestic life; and, wherever you may find him, he is of a self-asserting disposition. Now what do you say if I show you how to rid yourselves of this obtrusive menagerie specimen?"

They all said: "Ugh!" and Big-Chief Afraid-of-His-Mother-in-Law said: "Boss Medicine Man."

Then Hermesianax dispatched a semi-civilized Indian to the nearest white settlement for two boxes of blacking\* and a pair of brushes. He wanted to go himself; but the Indians hankered after his presence; and he thought it more polite to stay. In the course of two or three days [maybe more: these details are left to the reader, who may work them out to suit himself] the Indians came back with the D. T. and the blacking. He said he had greatly enjoyed his visit to the camp of the pale-faces; but this is a side-issue. As soon as he arrived, Hermesianax went to work.

"You see, ladies and gentlemen," he said, turning up his coat-sleeves, "there is no deception. I put the blacking-box here, in front of me: I take the brush in my right hand, and I thrust my left arm into the boot—so—and the trick is done. And as soon as I get this boot shined up, I want all you lazy beggars to take hold and polish the rest of the lot."

He alluded to the boots of the Britishers, thrown down in the moment of exasperation mentioned in the last chapter.

And inside of an hour he had every pair polished [or, as the original possessors would have said, varnished], so that you could see your face in them, if you had experienced any wild inclination to indulge in that frantic amusement. The Indians did: they admired themselves in the lustrous ebony; and tried to get Hermesianax to polish them up in the same way; which he wouldn't.

Hermesianax had carefully studied the manners and customs of snakes in general before he undertook to thus utilize the leather of Piccadilly. He knew that their principal habitat is the human boot; and he meant to trade on this knowledge. He therefore placed the polished boots, after his aboriginal hosts had finished admiring them, just in front of the principal rattle-snake nest in the neighborhood.



Then he drew off a mile or two; armed himself with a strictly precautionary flask of whiskey, as an antidote to possible bites, and waited.

His patience was soon rewarded. He was absent-mindedly drinking the whiskey, when the biggest rattlesnake in the family slipped out of the hole to take his morning constitutional; saw a boot, gazed at it, admired it, and soon testified his admiration, after the usual manner of snakes, by setting out to eat it up.

When he got to the spurs, he stopped.

[There were spurs on the boots: we did not mention it before, because you ought to know that no Briton would go on a hunting expedi-

\* We have refused several heavy offers to insert the name of the blacking manufacturer. More than Byron did.

† Hermesianax thought that a saponaceous detergent would be more to the purpose.

tion without spurs on his boots, any more than he would travel from London to Manchester without a sitz-bath and a hatbox.] After this, the other snakes came out, one by one, yielded to the fascination of the shine on the boots, took them in, and, jointly and severally, found the spurs indigestible.

## CHAPTER V.

## NATURALIZATION.

This made Hermesianax very solid with the Indians—more solid than he cared to be, in fact. These simple barbarians wouldn't hear of his leaving them. They made him Chief Medicine-Man of the tribe.



As the Indians always kill their Medicine-Men when a sick person dies, this was an honor that Hermesianax felt he could be happy without. Fortunately for him, the tribe was healthy and pugnacious, and natural deaths were not likely to be of frequent occurrence. Still, he kept ever in mind the extreme desirability of changing his horizon as soon as an opportunity was afforded; and it struck him that it would be a wise move to avert

the extreme desirability of changing his horizon as soon as an opportunity was afforded; and it struck him that it would be a wise move to avert



suspicion by conforming as far as possible to the consuetudes\* of the company; and acting as if he meant to stay.

He therefore possessed himself of the palette of some wandering artist, scalped long ago, in the palmy days of the braves; and therewith he got himself up in neat imitation of the tattooing locally fashionable; and after some respectful urging, induced Mysora to go through a similar operation. The other young ladies, who were still sulking over the opportunities lost by their abrupt removal from the city, would not yield for a long time; but when they saw how becoming the varied pigments were to Mysora, they came meekly to Hermesianax, and asked to be decorated.



(To be continued.)

\* This is right. It means customs.



## IN THE TROPICS! YELLOW FEVER! HOW TO AVOID IT.

Vessels have **ESCAPED** the **FEVER** while anchored in the neighborhood of vessels on which the men were dying like rotten sheep, by the rigid enforcement of the **FOLLOWING RULES**—

Make the men sleep under cover, and add a small quantity of **BROWN'S GINGER** to the **WATER** used on board for drink.

This is no new, untried thing, but has for years proved successful. **TRY IT!!!**

**REMEMBER**  
**FREDERICK BROWN'S,**  
**PHILADELPHIA,**  
Is the only **GENUINE** (Original),  
the **Old-Fashioned**.

### Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations! **BOKER'S BITTERS.**

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure. It is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, &c. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.  
L. FUNK, Jr., Sole Agent, P. O. Box 1020, 78 John St., N. Y.

### **DOCUTA**

#### **CAPSULETS.**

Safe and reliable cure for Kidney Complaints, and Diseases of the Urinary Organs. Recent or Chronic. They will cure any recent case in seven days. The word **Docuta** is on every box. Price per box, with full directions, Capsulets (small size) 75 cents. Capsules (large size) \$1.50. At all Drug Stores. Mailed on receipt of price by **DUNDAS DICK & CO.,** 35 Wooster Street, New York. Circulars free.

### **ANGOSTURA BITTERS,**

An excellent appetizing Tonic of exquisite flavor now used over the whole civilized world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, Colic and all disorders of the Digestive organs. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—J. W. Hancox, U. S. Sole Agent, 61 Broadway, P. O. Box, 2610, N. Y. City.

### Puck's Exchanges.

A CINCINNATI man would rather hear a story about a hog than about a sweet girl of 16, with a wealth of golden hair, blue eyes, and feet that could get into No. 1 shoes.—*Boston Post*.

WHEN you go into an editorial room and see the editor using the shears, you should say: "Oh, that's the way you make a paper, is it?" He expects you to say this, and is all braced for the shock. If you omit it, just so much vital force is wasted.—*Danbury News*.

THE custom of married men shooting their wives and then committing suicide is becoming alarmingly prevalent. We can't commend this practice, but nevertheless it is cheaper than taking out an insurance policy for the benefit of the widow.—*Phila. Kromkale-Herald*.

"PLEASE pass the butter" is obsolete. "Allow the oleomargarine to slide down this way" is now the thing.—*New Haven Register*.

"Chuck us a hunk of grease" is more expressive.—*N. Y. Express*.

"Circulate the congealed bovine essence" has been used with effect.—*Rochester Express*.

In the days of ancient Greece it was the custom for a man disappointed in politics to go and live alone in a cave!—*Boston Post*. You had better engage your caves in time. That mammoth establishment down in Kentucky won't hold a good many of you, and Fingal's Cave in Staffa is still untenanted, except by sea-gulls. Then there's the Cave of the winds, which might suit the blowhards.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

AND still no monument to Adam. The gentle zephyrs of Springtide are upon us. We hear the lowing of the cattle upon ten thousand hills, and perfumes rarer than anything ever dreamed of in the Orient hover over the country, and yet that poor, dear, sainted man who did so much for the world, and whose picture is a thing to be looked upon with joy forever, ah! he is forgotten. Oh! Adam, Adam, if you were here, and we were playing poker with you, old man, we'd give you all the jacks!—*N. Y. Express*.

LORNE's Canadian National Hymn is weak. It is weaker even than Gilmore's celebrated caw. Even his simple rhymes are in several instances far-fetched and unmusical. For example, he makes "terrors" rhyme with "mirrors," "dominion" with "union," "scene" with "Queen," "nurture" with "hurt her," "sores" with "forest," "glory" with "o'er ye," &c. Was Louisa aware that Lorne wrote Spring poetry when she consented to be his'n?—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

A DISTINGUE lady of our present society—save the mark!—who has "traveled considerable" since the stock boom of '74, and who has lately returned from her fourth trip to "the other side," is, we are requested to state, ever ready and willing to impart to the uninitiated and those desirous of knowing what's what, her observations and experiences of "how they do in Europe." Among other bits of information, she brings back the intelligence that full dress for dinner has gone out of fashion among the aristocracy of England, and that English ladies of rank are quite as fond of decorating their persons with diamonds and jewelry at breakfast as—well, those of other nationalities. She stopped two weeks at the Langham, and, of course, knows all about it. Give her a call.—*San Francisco News-Letter*.

"THERE is no good substitute for wisdom," says Josh Billings, "but silence is the best that has been discovered yet." So with **Blackwell's Fragrant Durham Bull Smoking Tobacco**—it is the best that has been discovered yet.

### **STANDARD THEATRE.** Broadway and 33d St. W. HENDERSON, Proprietor & Manager.

The charming Actress and Vocalist  
**MISS ANNIE PIXLEY.**

**M'LISS, THE CHILD OF THE SIERRAS.**  
EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE, at 1.30.  
Admission 50c., 50c., 50c. and \$1.50.

Established 1838.

### **PACHTMANN & MOELICH,**



Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers in  
**Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,**  
**Solid Silver & Plated Ware,**  
**363 CANAL STREET,**  
Betw. 5th Ave. & Wooster St., NEW YORK.  
Bargains in every department.  
American Watches, \$7. Stem Winders, \$12.  
Solid 14 k. Gold American Stem Winders, \$50.  
Diamond Studs, \$10. and upwards. Wedding  
Rings, \$5. and upwards.  
The largest assortment of Jewelry at lowest  
prices.

Repairing of every description neatly executed.  
GOODS SENT C. O. D. TO ANY PART OF THE U. S.  
Send for Price List.

### **SANDIFER,** **DIAMOND** MERCHANT 5th Avenue Hotel. NO FANCY PRICES

### **A. FRANKFIELD & CO.,** **JEWELERS.**

**DIAMONDS & JEWELS.**  
**FINE GOLD & SILVER WATCHES.**

Cor. 14th St. & 6th Ave.

### **J. H. JOHNSTON, Jeweler,** **150 Bowery, N. Y.**

Headquarters for the purchase and sale of  
**DUPLICATE WEDDING PRESENTS.**

Wanted: 5000 ounces Silverware, highest price paid. Goods  
refinished and sold below wholesale rates. Watches by instal-  
ment plan. Diamonds and Jewelry below wholesale rates.

### **JOSEPH GILLOTT'S** **STEEL PENS**

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.  
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1878.

### **Waldstein, Expert Optician,**

known in Vienna, Paris, St. Petersburg and London for up-  
wards of a Century, and in New York for forty years.  
Eyes fitted with suitable glasses. Consultation, inquiry and  
correspondence solicited from those whose sight is impaired.  
Only the finest Optical Goods kept on Stock, which the Public  
are respectfully invited to inspect.

### **WALDSTEIN,**

41 Union Square, Cor. Broadway and 17. Str.

### **J. LUDOVICI'S** **STUDIO** AND **PHOTOGRAPHIC** **GALLERY,**

### **CRAYON PORTRAITS** **A SPECIALTY.**

889 BROADWAY, Corner 19th Street.  
THOMAS LORD.



### IMPERIAL GERMAN MAIL North German Lloyd STEAMSHIP LINE

Between  
New York, Southampton & Bremen.  
Sailing every Saturday.

Company's Pier, foot of Second Street, Hoboken.  
MAIN.....Saturday, April 3 | DONAU.....Saturday, April 17  
MOSEL.....Saturday, April 10 | RHEIN.....Saturday, April 24  
Rates of passage from NEW YORK to SOUTHAMPTON,  
HAVRE, or BREMEN:

First Cabin.....\$100 | Second Cabin.....\$60  
Steerage, \$30.  
Return tickets at reduced rates. Prepaid Steerage Certificates, \$28

DELRICH & CO., General Agents,  
No. 2 Bowling Green.



IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF  
**Gentlemen's Hats,**  
174 Fifth Ave., 179 Broadway,  
BETWEEN 22d & 23d STREETS, NEAR CORTLANDT STREET  
NEW YORK.

## COOK'S GRAND EXCURSIONS TO EUROPE!

1880 FOR THE SUMMER OF 1880  
ANNUAL MAY PARTY.  
GRAND ANNUAL EDUCATIONAL VACATION PARTY.  
ANNUAL MIDSUMMER PARTY.

Pamphlet containing full particulars, WITH MAP OF  
EUROPE, sent free on application.  
Tourist Tickets, for Independent Travelers, by all routes.  
Cook's Excursionist contains fares for over 1,000 TOURS;  
by mail, 10 cents.

Address, **THOMAS COOK & SON,**  
261 Broadway, New York; P. O. Box 4197.

## MATHESIOUS & FREY, MANUFACTURERS OF CABINET FURNITURE

Upholstery, Decorations, &c.,  
at Prices to suit the times. Every Article guaranteed.  
No. 1567 & 1569 Broadway, cor. 47th St., N. Y.

Comfort, Durability,  
Lightness and Elegance.

**THONET  
BROTHERS,**  
Inventors and Manufacturers  
OF THE  
World Renowned  
**AUSTRIAN  
BENT WOOD  
Furniture.**

PRINCIPAL DEPOT FOR THE  
UNITED STATES:  
808 Broadway,  
NEW YORK.

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR  
HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, CAFES, etc.  
Price Lists and Circulars Gratis.



**\$777** A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit Free.  
Address P. O. VICKERY Augusta, Maine.

THE Russian Fourth of July threatens to last about all the year, if the Czar holds out so long as that.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A SHIP left New York the other day laden with eight hundred gallons of rum and one missionary. Why so much missionary!—*Elmira Free Press.*

GLANCING over the Presidential field, an exchange counts up the would-be candidates and sadly remarks: "Pretty near time for Blaine to have fits."—*Bangor Commercial.*

It won't be long before ministers seeking for positions will be compelled to give good references as to their ability to kiss the female portion of the congregation.—*Bangor Commercial.*

STOUGHTON wrote a letter to the Czar congratulating him on his escape from assassination, and the Czar has paid no attention to it. Perhaps this was a "clerical error."—*New Haven Register.*

A LONDON society paper says that American women would be far more beautiful if they weighed about 200 pounds apiece. That is to say, far more beautiful than English ones.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

THE King of Sweden is a poet, and yet his subjects don't shoot at him half as often as do the subjects of the prosy Czar. There is no accounting for the freaks of humanity.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

In an English race, the horse that comes in second wins—provided the horse that comes in first belongs to an American. There is nothing small about John Bull, except his ideas of fairness.—*Norr. Herald.*

It has been discovered that the Sal portion of the English Salvation Army is not as attractive as it should be. There is no use importing homely girls to convert heathen America.—*Phila. Chronicle-Herald.*

A GERMAN traveler in Africa characterizes a people he came across as "intensely black, dolichocephalic and platyrrhine, prognathous, dichotomatic and dolichodactylic." We have seen a man knocked down for less than that.—*Boston Transcript.*

A LONDON work-girl who goes to the factory at six o'clock in the morning has a chance to stop at the stand of an oysterman at night as she is going home and buy one oyster. The extravagant ideas of Americans would not permit a girl to do anything of that kind; she would be expected to treat half the Congressional district.—*N. Y. Herald.*

WHEN a Toledo man wants to get a new hat for an old battered one, he goes to a hotel and, just before dinner, lets some one with a new hat see him fold up a \$10 bill and put it under the leather of his hat to improve the fit, and then he leaves his hat on the rack while he's dining, and when he comes out it's gone and the new one is in place of it, and later in the day a man who has had trouble for trying to pass a counterfeit \$10 bill is looking for some one to kick him for a blamed ass.—*Boston Post.*

A YOUNG man in Paris, on a wager, attempted to kiss his girl a certain number of times in three hours. At the three thousand and seven hundred and fiftieth kiss his lips became paralyzed, and further operations ceased. It is strange the judges themselves did not become paralyzed before the thousandth kiss was reached. We are inclined to the opinion that the young men of America could have held out longer than the Frenchman, and if they will abandon the 15 puzzle and engage in the osculatory game, we'll print the result free of charge. But don't try it on a wager. On a rocking-chair is preferable.—*Norristown Herald.*

Suffer on, Groan on, Sicken on, Die on, if you will not use Hop Bitters and be cured.—

## WEBER, MANUFACTURER OF GRAND, SQUARE and UPRIGHT PIANOS.

Prices reasonable. Terms easy.  
WAREROOMS,  
5th Ave. and West 16th St., New York.

### ORGAN BEATTY PIANO

New Organs 13 stops, Best Golden Tongue Reeds, 5 oct's  
2 knee wells, walnut case, war'd 6 years, stool & box \$95  
New Pianos, stool, cover & box, \$143 to \$255. Before  
you buy be sure to write me. Illustrated Newspaper sent Free  
Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

## COLLECTION OF ORNAMENTS.



A Book Containing over 1000 Different Designs,  
such as  
CRESTS, COAT OF ARMS, VIGNETTES,  
SCROLLS, CORNERS, BORDERS, &c.  
Which will be sent to any address on receipt of \$2.00.  
Published by PALM & FECHTELER, 403 Broadway, NEW YORK.

### THE FIFTH AVENUE BABY CARRIAGE.

Newest and most stylish.  
Awarded Premium by American Institute,  
1879.  
**CRANDALL & CO.,**  
No. 569 3rd Ave., N. Y.  
Carriages shipped C. O. D. to any locality,  
wholesale and retail. Send for Circular.

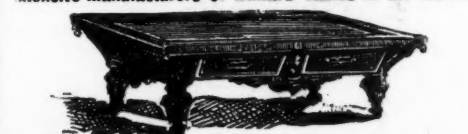
## A. Weidmann & Co.,

Nos. 244 & 248 Grand St., New York,  
Importers of  
**COSTUMERS MATERIALS,**

Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spangles, etc.  
A complete assortment of  
**MASKS.**

Manufacturers of the patented "Humpty Dumpty" Faces  
Sample lots of Masks for the trade, comprising the most desirable styles, from five Dollars upwards.

THE MOST  
Extensive Manufacturers of Billiard Tables in the World.



**The J. M. Brunswick & Balke Co.,**  
No. 724 BROADWAY.  
NEWEST AND MOST ELEGANT STYLES.

The unequalled "Monarch" Cushions which we warrant for 10 Years.  
Billiard Materials, Cloth, Balls, Cues, &c.,  
of our own manufacture and importation.

**The J. M. BRUNSWICK & BALKE CO.,**  
CINCINNATI,  
CHICAGO,  
ST. LOUIS,  
NEW YORK.

**M. METZ,**  
STEAM  
**Pamphlet and Book Binder,**  
No. 29 BEEKMAN STREET.

Pamphlet binding of every description, and Pass books for banks  
a specialty.—Personal attention to everything entrusted to my care,





## TO HOTEL AND SALOON KEEPERS.



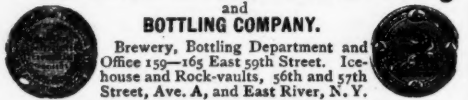
This game, known as Parlor Bagatelle, has met with widespread success. Mounted in handsome black walnut frame, size four feet long by one foot ten inches wide. Covered with green enamel cloth. One silver and one brass ball, brass pins and cups. Below is an extract from one of the many recommendations received:

"534 PEARL STREET, N. Y., May 4, 1879.  
M. REDGRAVE, Esq., Dear Sir: Your table paid for itself in a few days, and I cheerfully recommend it to any saloon keeper who may desire to purchase one. WM. FINTZEL."

No hotel or saloon should be without one.  
Centennial award. Price of above size \$12, C. O. D., delivered free of expressage. Same size superior finish, three bells, \$15. Larger size, five feet long by two feet six inches wide, five bells, fit for the handsomest parlor or hotel, \$30. All tables can be examined before taking up C. O. D. and if not found as represented need not be taken. Handsomely illuminated circulars, of six sizes, sent free. Agents wanted. Address, M. REDGRAVE, Patentee and Manufacturer, 628 Newark Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

## TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to  
H. EICKHORN, No. 4 St. Marks Place, New York.

Schmitt & Koehne,  
Central Park Brewery

BOTTLING COMPANY.

Brewery, Bottling Department and  
Office 159-165 East 59th Street. Ice-  
house and Rock-vaults, 56th and 57th  
Street, Ave. A, and East River, N. Y.

## BOHEMIAN- AND LAGER-BEER

The finest Beer for family use. The best Shipping Beer in bottles, warranted to keep in any climate for months and years.

NO  
MORE RHEUMATISM

Gout or Gravel. Schlumberger's harmless Salicylates (their purity being controlled as enforced by French laws, by the Paris Board of Pharmacy) relieve at once, cure within four days. Box \$1.00, postage free, has red seal trade-mark and signature of agent. Beware of London Counterfeits and home-made imitations. Send stamp for pamphlet. L. PARIS, Gen. Agent for the United States, 112 W. 14th St. Thousands of references.



Old Newspapers, Books, Pamphlets, Rags, Rope and  
Bagging, Copper, Brass, Lead, Zinc, Pewter, Type Metal,  
Electrotype Plates, Stereotype Plates, Tin Foil, Tea  
Lead, and Old Metal of every description.

Orders by Mail punctually attended to.

Will send to any part of the City or suburbs.

**STOCKWELL,**  
25 Ann Street, N. Y.

## NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion,  
is radically and promptly cured by

**Humphreys' Homeopathic Specific No. 23.**

Been in use 30 years, and is the most successful remedy known.  
Price \$1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for \$5, sent  
post free on receipt of price.

**Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,**  
109 Fulton Street, New York.



**IMPURE BREATH**  
is the most disagreeable result of decayed teeth, as well for the afflicted  
one as for his surroundings.

The cause may easily be removed  
by cleaning the teeth daily with the  
popular, fragrant

## SOZODONT.

It sweetens the breath, cools and re-  
freshes the mouth, hardens the gums  
and whitens the teeth.—Gentlemen  
that smoke should regularly use

## SOZODONT.

It removes the disagreeable smell of Tobacco.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

## NICOLL, The Tailor,

620 Broadway, near Houston St.,

AND  
139 to 151 Bowery, N. Y.

Branches in all the principal Cities.

SPRING SUITINGS.  
SPRING WOOLENS

Pants to order..... \$4 to \$10.

Suits to order..... \$15 to \$40.

Spring Overcoats from \$15 upwards.

Samples with instructions for self-measurement sent free to  
every part of the United States.

**CHEAPEST BOOK-STORE** IN THE  
WORLD.  
175, 672 NEW and OLD Standard Works in Every  
Department of Literature. Almost given away. Catalogue  
of General Literature and fiction free. Immense Inducements to  
Book Clubs and Libraries.

LECCAT BROTHERS,

3 BEEKMAN ST., OPP. POST-OFFICE, NEW YORK.



DENTAL OFFICE

Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess

162 West 23rd Street, bet. 6th and 7th Avenues, N. Y.

LATE 389 CANAL STREET.

## A. STOECKLEIN,

318 Grand Street, bet. Allen & Orchard Sts., New York,

IMPORTER OF

RHINE, FRENCH & SPANISH WINES,

ALSO,

Ohio, California, Missouri, Delaware and Virginia  
Wines; Genuine Port and Sherry Wines;

AS WELL AS THE

BEST BRANDS OF COGNAC & CHAMPAGNES.

FRIEDRICHSHALL  
BITTERWATER,

To be had of all dealers in Mineral Waters.

## POND'S EXTRACT.



No home, no school, no hotel, no sea-  
side cottage, no country farm, no board-  
ing-house should be without this In-  
valuable Family Remedy. It  
is astonishing what cures it effects. It  
does not profess to do EVERYTHING, but it  
not only professes to, BUT WILL, cure all  
diseases that are of an Inflamm-  
atory character and stop all bleed-  
ings. Hence its wondrous efficacy in  
Catarrh, Hoarseness, Rheu-  
matism, Neuralgia, Dip-  
theria, and Sore Throat.

Caution.—POND'S EXTRACT is sold  
only in bottles with the name blown in  
the glass.

It is unsafe to use other articles  
with our directions. Insist on Pond's  
EXTRACT. Refuse all imitations and sub-  
stitutes.

## OTTO ZAHN,

(LATE WITH ADAM ZAHN.)

## FLORAL DEPOT

No. 251 GRAND STREET.

Bet. Bowery & Chrystie Str. NEW YORK.  
(MAMMOTH BASEMENT.)



HAIR DYE is the SAFEST and  
BEST; it acts instantaneously, pro-  
ducing the most natural shades of  
Black or Brown; does NOT STAIN  
the SKIN, and is easily applied.  
It is a standard preparation, and a  
favorite upon every well appointed  
Toilet for Lady or Gentleman.

Sold by Druggists and applied by  
all Hair Dressers.

FACTORY,  
93 William Street.

## A. HELLER &amp; BRO.,

35 & 37 Broad St., and 39 & 41 First Ave.,

are the only Importers of

## HUNGARIAN

Liquors and

in the United States and  
and personally attending to  
directly from the Wine-growers  
districts of Hungary, and are  
of Wines and Liquors for  
at reasonable prices. Orders  
be promptly attended to, and

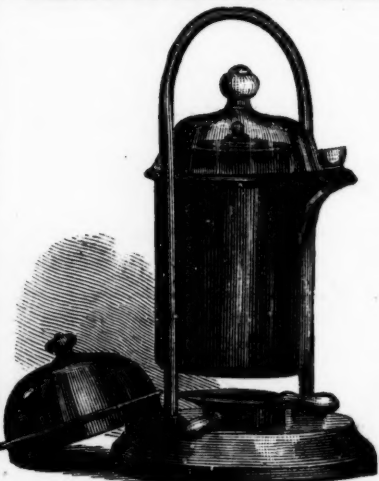
BRANCH: "Hotel Hungaria", No 4 Union Square,  
WITH ELEGANT WINE ROOMS AND RESTAURANT.



## WINES,

Crown Champagne,

Canada, who are regularly  
the selection of their Wines  
in the most renowned Wine  
able to furnish the very best  
Family and Medicinal use,  
left at the above places will  
delivered free of charge.

THE FAMOUS  
Vienna Coffee Pot.

Beautifully finished, of burnished brass, with burnished brass bow,  
porcelain base, porcelain handles to lamp and extinguisher, porcelain knob  
on cover and spout, and one brass and one glass cover.

IMPORTED FROM VIENNA ONLY BY US.

SIZE.	PRICE.	SIZE.	PRICE.
2 Cups.....	\$5.00	8 Cups.....	\$10.00
3 ".....	5.75	10 ".....	11.50
4 ".....	6.75	12 ".....	13.00
6 ".....	8.75		

The Trade supplied.

**EDWARD D. BASSFORD,**  
HOUSE FURNISHING STORES,  
China, Glass, Cutlery, Silverware,  
Cooking Utensils, Woodenware and Refrigerator  
1, 2, 3, 12, 13, 15, 16 and 17 Cooper Institute, N. Y. City.

## BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.

## VITALIZED PHOS-PHITES.

COMPOSED OF THE NERVE-GIVING PRINCIPLES OF THE OX BRAIN AND WHEAT GERM.

Physicians have prescribed 200,000 packages in all forms of nervous complaints and impaired vitality. Nervous exhaustion brought  
on by worry, disease or overwork is soon relieved and vitality restored by this pleasant remedy. It gives new life in the deficient  
bodily or mental growth of children.

F. CROSBY, 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y. For sale by Druggists or mail, \$1.



# Arnold, Constable & CO.

## Gentlemen's Department.

Easter Novelties in Neckwear—Fancy Cambric, Percale and White Dress Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, ready-made or to order. Silk Pongee and Cambridge Cheviot Pajamas, Smoking Jackets and Robes de Chambre, Silk and Linen Pocket-Handkerchiefs, Gloves, &c., &c.

Broadway & 19th Street.

# Arnold, Constable & CO.

## CARPETS.

**AXMINSTERS,  
WILTONS,  
BRUSSELS,  
TAPESTRIES,  
INGRAINS,  
OIL CLOTHS,  
RUGS AND MATS.**

A Complete Assortment in the Newest Designs and Colorings, adapted to the present style of decoration. Also,

## WHOLE CARPETS,

in Turkey, Gwahor, Ferahan, Merzapore, Ellore, Agra, Axminster and Aubusson.

Broadway & 19th Street.

# ANTI-MOTH PAPER.

Absolute Protection against Moths.  
CLEAN, FRAGRANT, HEALTHFUL.

Sold by all Druggists.

Samples Free.

**CAMPBELL, HALL & CO.,**  
110 & 112 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.



## CUNARD LINE.

New York to Liverpool and Queenstown.

Passengers embark from Pier 40, N. R. N. Y.

SCYTHIA... Wednesday, April 7th,  
PARTHIA... Wednesday, April 14th,  
GALLIA... Wednesday, April 21st,  
BOTHNIA... Wednesday, April 28th,  
ALGERIA... Wednesday, May 5th.

And every following Wednesday.

**RATES OF PASSAGE.** First Class, \$20 and \$100 according to accommodation. Return Tickets on favorable terms. Tickets to Paris, \$5, additional. Steerage at very low rates. Steerage Tickets from Liverpool and Queenstown and all parts of Europe at very low rates. For Freight or Passage apply at the Company's Office, No. 4 Bowling Green.

CHAS. G. FRANKLYN, Agent.

THAT Protestant Pope of Brooklyn, Henry Ward Beecher, in speaking of our Lord Capricornus, in an interview at Columbus, Ohio, said, "I like Conkling—one always knows where to find him."

Yes, certainly; Sprague did—with a double-barreled shot-gun.—*Washington Capital.*

ONE thing, we would just like to see De Lesseps lay his impudent and intriguing hands upon Hawkeye creek. It is ours, and by the sacred blood of the man who fell off the Sixth street bridge, we will hold it against foreign intervention, if it takes every section hand on the C., B. & Q., to do it.—*Hawkeye.*

THE great object of every young man starting in business is to make money. A great many make assignments. An assignment conducted on strictly business principles can be turned to a profitable account, providing the assignee knows when to assign.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

VANITY FAIR says that when the young Marchioness of Hamilton, who was ill with the measles, heard of Lord Rosebery's attack of scarlet-fever, she sent him a bouquet with the message, "From the Measles, to the Scarlet-Fever." The wild, side-splitting wit of the English is really quite too deep for ordinary people.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE New York fashion papers are all agog over a just exposed practice of lovely women, by which they emulate their escorts in the facility with which they obtain sly "nips" while at the theatre. It seems that the dear, innocent creatures have hit upon the device of wearing on their necklaces hollow ornaments, such as lockets, anchors and the like, filled with liquor, which they secretly imbibe while apparently toying abstractedly with their jewels. It is said to be no uncommon thing now to hear some poor creature remark to her astonished escort near the close of some theatrical performance:

"Singer idea this (hic), this havin' two (hic) Hamlets in the last (hic) act.—*San Francisco Post.*

A MAN in New York was courting a girl with every prospect of making her his wife, when she changed her mind and said she could only be a sister to him in the future. He felt very bad about it, and not being a model letter writer himself, he employed a friend, who could sling the adjectives and so forth with charming effect, to write the damsel love letters to win back her affections, offering him for his labor, when he married the girl, three hundred dollars and a new suit of clothes. The love letters were written, the lovers became reconciled, and were ultimately married. And now the "happy husband" refuses to pay the three hundred dollars and suit of clothes. It is strongly suspected that he would rather give the letter-writer his wife, and call it square.—*Norriston Herald.*

More health, sunshine and joy in Hop Bitters, than in all other remedies.

## NOW READY:

Volume V. (Nos. 105—130)

and

Volume VI. (Nos. 131—156)

of PUCK.

Price, Unbound...\$2.50 per Vol. (26 Numbers)

Price, Bound...\$4.50 per Vol. (26 Numbers)

Bound in one book (52 Numbers)...\$7.

# JAMES McCREERY & Co. ELEVENTH ST.

## Spring and Summer DRESS GOODS STOCK NOW COMPLETE

The following Fabrics for Street Costumes:

Cashmere de Mecca, Armure, Epingline.  
Cachemire des Indes from \$1.75 to \$6 per yard.

FOR

## MOUNTAIN, ARCHERY, LAWN TENNIS AND

## SEASIDE COSTUMES:

Shirred Bunting, Lace Bunting, Polka Spot Bunting.  
Barege de Virginie, Barege de Lux.  
Cashmere Foulard, Nuns' Veilings, &c., &c.

## EMBROIDERED PONGEE and EMBROIDERED CASHMERE

FOR

## Afternoon, Evening and Reception Costumes.

1880 **JONES** 1840

## CHOICE SPRING GOODS.

35 Departments of Novelties at Bargains.

SUITS & CLOAKS. HOUSEFURN'G GOODS.  
BOYS' SUITS. GLASSWARE.  
DRESS GOODS. SILVERWARE.  
LINENS. CROCKERY.  
SILKS. CHINA.

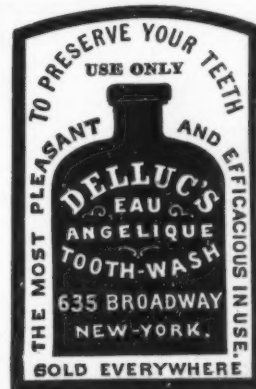
## JONES

Eight Avenue AND Eighth Avenue  
Nineteenth Street. Nineteenth Street.

## JONES

SHOES. LACES  
CARPETS. GLOVES.  
UPHOLSTERY. HOSIERY.  
FURNITURE. MILLINERY.  
DOMESTICS. GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Personal and Housekeeping Outfits furnished.  
Samples sent free. Send 3 cent stamp for Illustrated Catalogue  
100 pages.



DELLUC'S BISQUITINE,  
S. P. HAIR TONIC,  
TOILET WATERS,  
SACHETS D'IRIS,  
ELIXIR OF CALISAYA.

## NOTICE.

Numbers 12, 23, 29, 40, 41, 69, 76, 92 and 97 of PUCK will be bought at this office, No. 21 & 23 Warren St, at 10 CENTS per copy. Numbers 14 and 103 at 25 Cents per copy; and No. 26 at 50 CENTS per copy.

In sending copies by mail please roll lengthwise.



# FOUNDERING.

THUNDER:—"Shall I help you — or will you help me?"